

The History of

Prin. Your money. *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poine*
Poin. Villaines. *Set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-*
stafse after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
ving the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeves
are scattered, and possesse with feare so strongly that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away
good Ned, Falstafse sweares to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poines How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loves his owne
barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you Undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named
Uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so: say you so. I say vn to you againe you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends
true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & full of expectatiō:
an excellēt plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue
is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this rascal,
I could braine him with his Ladies tanner. Is there not my fa-
ther, my vncle, and my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my
Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower: is there not besides the
Dowglas: haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward already? what a pagan raskall is this, and infidel? Ha, you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to
the King, and lay open al our proceedings. O, I could diuide
my

Henry IV.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for me
with so honorable an action.
we are prepared. I will set for-
How now Kate, I must leaue y

Lady O my good Lord, why
For what offence haue I this fo
A banisht woman from my H
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't
Thy stomach, pleasure, and th
Why dost thou bend thine ey
And start so often when thou
Why hast thou lost the fresh b
And giuen my treasures and m
To thicke eyd musing, and cur
In my faint slumbers, I by the
And heard thee murmur tale
Speake tearmes of manage to
Cry courage to the field. And
Of sallies, and retires, trenche
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, par
Of basilisks, of canon, culueri
Of prisoners ransome, and of
And all the current, of a heddy
Thy spirit within thee hath b
And thus hath so bestird thee
That beds of sweat hath flood
Like bubbles in a late disturb
And in thy face strange motio
Such as we see when men restr
On some great sodaine haft. C
Some heauy busines hath my l
And I must know it, else he lo

Hot what ho, is Gilliams w

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hor

Hot. Hath Butler brought

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he

Hot. What horse? a roane?

Ser. It is my Lord,

D